

The MAN in LOWER TEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brandon case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Allison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower seven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Her voice and my arm were bringing me to my senses. "I hear," I said. "I'll sit up in a second. Are you hurt?"

"No, only bruised. Do you think you can walk?"

I drew up one foot after another, gingerly.

"They seem to move all right," I remarked dubiously. "Would you mind telling me where the back of my head has gone? I can't help thinking it isn't there."

She made a quick examination. "It's pretty badly bumped," she said. "You must have fallen on it."

I had got up on my uninjured elbow by that time, but the pain threw me back. "Don't look at the wreck," I entreated her. "It's no sight for a woman. If—there is any way to tie up this arm, I might be able to do something. There may be people under those cars!"

"Then it is too late to help," she replied solemnly. A little shower of feathers, each carrying its fiery plume, blew over us from some burning pillow. A part of the wreck collapsed with a crash. In a resolute endeavor to play a man's part in the tragedy going on all around, I got to my knees. Then I realized what I had not noticed before: The hand and wrist of the broken left arm were jammed through the handle of the sealskin grip. I gasped and sat down suddenly.

"You must not do that," the girl insisted. I noticed now that she kept her back to the wreck, her eyes averted. "The weight of the traveling bag must be agony. Let me support the valise until we can get it cut off."

"Will it have to be cut off?" I asked as calmly as possible. There were red-hot stabs of agony clear to my neck, but we were moving slowly away from the track.

"Yes," she replied, with dumfounding coolness. "If I had a knife I could do it myself. You might sit here and lean against this fence."

By that time my returning faculties had realized that she was going to cut off the satchel, not the arm. The dizziness was leaving and I was gradually becoming myself.

"If you pull, it might come," I suggested. "And with that weight gone, I think I will cease to be five feet eleven inches of baby."

She tried gently to loosen the handle, but it would not move, and at last, with great drops of cold perspiration over me, I had to give up.

"I'm afraid I can't stand it," I said. "But there's a knife somewhere around these clothes, and if I can find it, perhaps you can cut the leather."

As I gave her the knife she turned it over, examining it with a peculiar expression, bewildered rather than surprised. But she said nothing. She set to work deftly, and in a few minutes the bag dropped free.

"That's better," I declared, sitting up. "Now, if you can pin my sleeve to my coat, it will support the arm so we can get away from here."

"The pin might give," she objected, "and the jerk would be terrible." She looked around, puzzled; then she got up, coming back in a minute with a draggled, partly scorched sheet. This she tore into a large square, and after she had folded it, she slipped it under the broken arm and tied it securely at the back of my neck.

The relief was immediate, and, picking up the sealskin bag, I walked slowly beside her, away from the track.

The first act was over; the curtain fallen. The scene was "struck."

CHAPTER IX.

The Halcyon Breakfast.

We were still dazed, I think, for we wandered like two troubled children, our one idea at first to get as far away as we could from the horror behind us. We were both bare headed, grimy, pallid through the grit. Now and then we met little groups of country folk hurrying to the track; they stared at us curiously, and some wished to question us. But we hurried past them; we had put the wreck behind us. That way lay madness.

Only once the girl turned and looked behind her. The wreck was hidden, but the smoke cloud hung heavy and dense. For the first time I remembered that my companion had not been alone on the train.

"It is quiet here," I suggested. "If you will sit down on the bank I will

go back and make some inquiries. I've been criminally thoughtless. Your traveling companion—"

She interrupted me, and something of her splendid poise was gone. "Please don't go back," she said. "I am afraid it would be of no use. And—I don't want to be left alone."

Heaven knows I did not want her to be alone. I was more than content to walk along beside her aimlessly, for any length of time. Gradually, as she lost the exaltation of the moment, I was gaining my normal condition of mind. I was beginning to realize that I had lacked the morning grace of a shave, that I looked like some lost hope of yesterday, and that my left shoe pinched outrageously. A man does not rise triumphant above such handicaps. The girl, for all her disordered hair and the crumpled linen of her waist, in spite of her missing hat and the small gold bag that hung forlornly from a broken chain, looked exceedingly lovely.

"Then I must leave you alone," I said manfully, and we stumbled on together. Thus far we had seen nobody from the wreck, but well up the lane we came across the tall dark woman who had occupied lower 11. She was half crouching beside the road, her black hair about her shoulders, and an ugly bruise over her eye. She did not seem to know us, and refused to accompany us. We left her there at last, babbling incoherently and rolling in her hands a dozen pebbles she had gathered in the road.

The girl shuddered as we went on. Once she turned and glanced at my bandage. "Does it hurt very much?" she asked.

"It's growing rather numb. But it might be worse," I answered mendaciously. If anything in this world could be worse, I had never experienced it.

And so we trudged on bareheaded



"Then It's Too Late to Help," She Replied, Solemnly.

under the summer sun, growing parched and dusty and weary, doggedly leaving behind us the pillar of smoke. I thought I knew of a trolley line somewhere in the direction we were going, or perhaps we could find a horse and trap to take us into Baltimore. The girl smiled when I suggested it.

"We will create a sensation, won't we?" she asked. "Isn't it queer—or perhaps it's my state of mind—but I keep wishing for a pair of gloves, when I haven't even a hat!"

When we reached the main road we sat down for a moment, and her hair, which had been coming loose for some time, fell over her shoulders in little waves that were most alluring. It seemed a pity to twist it up again, but when I suggested this, cautiously, she said it was troublesome and got in her eyes when it was loose. So she gathered it up, while I held a row of little shell combs and pins, and when it was done it was vastly becoming, too. Funny about hair: A man never knows he has it until he begins to lose it, but it's different with a girl. Something of the unconventional situation began to dawn on her as she put in the last hair pin and patted some stray locks to place.

"I have not told you my name," she said abruptly. "I forgot that because I know who you are, you know nothing about me. I am Allison West, and my home is in Richmond."

So that was it! This was the girl

of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, as she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath.

"Just a twinge," I said, when she glanced up quickly. "It's very good of you to let me know, Miss West. I have been hearing delightful things about you for three months."

"From Richey McKnight?" She was frankly curious.

"Yes, from Richey McKnight," I assented. Was it any wonder McKnight was crazy about her? I dug my heels into the dust.

"I have been visiting near Cresson, in the mountains," Miss West was saying. "The person you mentioned, Mrs. Curtis, was my hostess. We were on our way to Washington together." She spoke slowly, as if she wished to give the minimum of explanation. Across her face had come again the baffling expression of perplexity and trouble I had seen before.

"You were on your way home, I suppose? Richey spoke about seeing you," I floundered, finding it necessary to say something. She looked at me with level, direct eyes.

"No," she returned quietly. "I did not intend to go home. I—well, it doesn't matter; I am going home now."

A woman in a calico dress, with two children, each an exact duplicate of the other, had come quickly down the road. She took in the situation at a glance, and was explosively hospitable.

"You poor things," she said. "If you'll take the first road to the left over there, and turn in at the second pigsty, you will find breakfast on the table and a coffee pot on the stove. And there's plenty of soap and water, too. Don't say one word. There isn't a soul there to see you."

We accepted the invitation and she hurried on toward the excitement and the railroad. I got up carefully and helped Miss West to her feet.

"At the second pigsty to the left," I repeated. "We will find the breakfast I promised you seven eternities ago. Forward to the pigsty!"

We said very little for the remainder

of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, as she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath.

So, like two children awakened from a nightmare, we chattered over our food; we hunted mutual friends, we laughed together at my feeble witticisms, but we put the horror behind us resolutely. After all, it was the hat with the green ribbons that brought back the strangeness of the situation.

All along I had had the impression that Allison West was deliberately put-



"No, I Did Not Intend to Go Home."

ting out of her mind something that obtruded now and then. It brought with it a return of the puzzled expression that I had surprised early in the day, before the wreck. I caught it once, when, breakfast over, she was tightening the sling that held the broken arm. I had prolonged the morning meal as much as I could, but when the wooden clock with the pink roses on the dial pointed to half after ten, and the mother with the duplicate youngsters had not come back, Miss West made the move I had dreaded.

"If we are to get into Baltimore at all we must start," she said, rising. "You ought to see a doctor as soon as possible."

"Hush," I said warningly. "Don't mention the arm, please; it is asleep now. You may rouse it."

"If I only had a hat," she reflected. "It wouldn't need to be much of one, but—" She gave a little cry and darted to the corner. "Look," she said triumphantly, "the very thing. With the green streamers tied up in a bow, like this—do you suppose the child would mind? I can put \$5 or so here—that would buy a dozen of them."

It was a queer affair of straw, that hat, with a round crown and a rim that flopped dizzily. With a single movement she had turned it up at one side and fitted it to her head. Grotesque by itself, when she wore it it was a thing of joy.

Evidently the lack of head covering had troubled her, for she was elated at her find. She left me, scrawling a note of thanks and planning it with a bill to the table-cloth, and ran upstairs to the mirror and the promised soap and water.

I did not see her when she came down. I had discovered a bench with a tin basin outside the kitchen door, and was washing, in a hopeless, one-sided way. I felt rather than saw that she was standing in the doorway, and I made a final plunge into the basin.

"How is it possible for a man with only a right hand to wash his left ear?" I asked from the roller towel. I was distinctly uncomfortable: Men are more rigidly creatures of convention than women, whether they admit it or not. "There is so much soap on me still that if I laugh I will blow bubbles. Washing with rain water and home-made soap is like motoring on a slippery road. I only struck the high places."

Then, having achieved a brilliant polish with the towel, I looked at the girl.

She was leaning against the frame of the door, her face perfectly colorless, her breath coming in slow, difficult respirations. The erratic hair was pinned to place, but it had slid rakishly to one side. When I realized that she was staring, not at me, but past me to the road along which we had come, I turned and followed her gaze. There was no one in sight; the lane stretched dust white in the sun—no moving figure on it, no sign of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold and Afoot.

"Lord Curzon, during the visit that ended in his marriage to Miss Leiter proved very interesting in his cold, proud way."

The speaker, a Chicagoan, smiled and resumed:

"Cold and proud as young George Curzon was, he regarded the house of lords as colder and prouder. He told me once that when he asked his father if his first speech in the house of lords had been difficult the old gentleman replied:

"Difficult! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight!"

A Mother's Anxiety.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen.

Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near—Boston Transcript.

GOOD WORK IS PROGRESSING

Women in Every State Join Earnestly in Campaign Against Tuberculosis.

Four years ago (the only active women workers in the anti-tuberculosis movement were a little group of about 30 women's clubs. Today 800,000 women, under the United States, are banded together against this disease, and more than 2,000 clubs are taking a special interest in the crusade. Not less than \$500,000 is raised annually by them for tuberculosis work, besides millions that are secured through their efforts in state and municipal appropriations. Mrs. Rufus P. Williams is the chairman of the department that directs this work. In addition to the work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Public Health Education committee of the American Medical association, composed largely of women physicians, has carried on an educational campaign of lectures during the past year in which thousands have been reached. The Mothers' congress, the Young Women's Christian association, and many unattached clubs bring the number of women united in the tuberculosis war to well over a million. There is not a state in this union where some work has not been done.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.



The Joker—What do you think of Painter's painting of the ocean? The Artist—I thought the water looked too calm.

The Joker—I guess it's the oil on it that does that.

Tough Luck.

"I thought you said this was a young chicken," remarked Newed, as he sawed away at a portion of the bird.

"And I thought it was," rejoined his better half. "I looked in its mouth and it showed no indication of having cut a single tooth yet. The dealer must have imposed upon me."

"Did he tell you it was a young chicken?" queried her husband.

"No," replied Mrs. Newed. "But I'm sure he must have extracted its teeth before offering it for sale."

Pipe Gives Cadet Typhoid.

Midshipman Smith, who was stricken with typhoid fever on the Indiana at Plymouth, England, contracted the disease, it is said, from smoking a briar used nearly a year ago by his roommate at Annapolis who had a bad case of typhoid. This theory is taken as proof that concentrated nicotine cannot destroy a typhoid germ. The medical department of the navy will examine into the theory with the result that midshipmen of the future may confine themselves to their own pipes.

How Lightning Splits Trees.

Lightning makes trees explode, like overcharged boilers. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an ax. The bolt flows through into all the damp interstices of the trunk and into the hollows under its bark. All the moisture at once is turned into steam, which by its immediate explosion rips open the tree. For centuries this simple theory puzzled scientists, but they have got it right at last.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tit for Tat.

"Miss Bings," stammered the young man, "I called on you last night did I not?"

"What an odd question! Of course you did."

"W-w-well, I just wanted to say that if I proposed to you I was drunk."

"To ease your mind, I will say that if I accepted you I was crazy."—Judge.

Get a Move On.

The Loafer—Aaa! my ship doesn't come in.

The Real Man—Then get a move on and help some other fellow unload his.

Some men are self-made and some others are wife-made.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

A fool can always find another fool to admire him.

MAPLEINE

STUNG BY BASE INGRATITUDE

Bowery Denizen Seemingly Had Right to Be Indignant at Old Friend's Attitude.

"You remember dat guy, Jim Burke?" asked an irate Bowery denizen. "He's dat stiff dat's doin' time up der river—Sing Sing—boiglar—ten years. Well, you know all I done fer dat stiff. When he was pinched didn't I put up der coin for der lawyers? Didn't I pay der witnesses? Sure I did. De odder day I tinks I'll just go an' see dat mutt just t' leave him know his frien's ain't tied de can on 'im. So I drives out to d' jail and goes into d' warden's office and he says I gatter send me card in. Me card! D' yet get dat? Well, anyway, I writes my name on a piece o' paper an' a guy takes it into Jim Burke, an' what d' you tink dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idea," said the listener. "He tells him," concluded the angry one, "t' tell me dat he ain't in!"—From Success Magazine.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R. F. D., Graniteville, Vt.



No other medicine for women's ills has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

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Men's \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00

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Boys' \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00

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They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. Fast Color Eyelets. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If you desire cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

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The difference remember this—

it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. Castoreum strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through Castoreum can you get it quickly and naturally.

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A FLAVOR that is used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. Send for sample and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.